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Article XI.—With a view to assuring the maintenance of good neighborly relations between the two States, the Governments of Turkey and Greece engage not to tolerate in their territories proceedings of a nature to disturb security and order in the neighboring State.

Article XII.—As soon as the present Act shall have received the approval of his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, which shall be given within a period of eight days, the clauses which it contains shall be brought by the representatives of the Great Powers to the knowledge of the Athens Cabinet, and shall become executory.

### ANTONIO MELIDORI:

#### A CHAPTER FROM THE HISTORY OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

BY MISS MULOCK.\*

It is not our purpose to chronicle the career of Antonio Melidori in its outward sense, and as the world beheld it. The world is growing wiser now, and no longer is haunted by the phantom of military glory, a monster at which its own creator shudders. Yet if there could be a cause for which men might justly fight, it was surely that of Grecian liberty. In Candia, the Sphakiotes were battling not so much for renown as for the preservation of their lives and freedom. Men fought for their own homes, and by their very hearths; and what began in the ambition of a few was now with all a struggle for life and death. Wise men have said that such things must be; that from the foundation of the world liberty has only been bought with blood; yet it is indeed terrible. The world has passed through its childhood of innocence, when kings were shepherds and rulers held the plough; its youth of strife, when men fought, not through meditated revenge, but in haste of blood; its middle age of stratagem, cunning and ambitious warfare, when thousands were sacrificed to the caprice of one. Soon will come its peaceful and majestic age, when wisdom shall be the only true strength, and men shall rule, not by animal force, but by the might of all-powerful mind. May that glorious time hasten fast — fast!

Gradually — so gradually that Antonio scarcely felt it — the ties became loosened between him and Philota. The commander, the patriot, had no room in his heart for love. Whenever a brief space of repose enabled the lovers to meet, his thoughts were all of advancement, honors, successful conflicts; there was no talk of the bridal feast that was to come after the olive harvest; and when some of the maiden's early companions jested with her, and others envied her the glorious destiny that would await Melidori's bride when the war was over, Philota only smiled mournfully, for she knew that day would never come.

At last the war grew so near that many of the mountaineers took refuge in the town of Sphakia. There, day by day, Philota could see her betrothed sallying forth with his band. What a gulf there was between the successful chieftain and the humble peasant girl who plied her needle for bread watching over him from a distance, with unknown and unacknowledged love! Not one of Antonio's friends would have dreamed that these two had once plighted their vows to each other in the quiet woods of Ida. Yet still he gathered honors every day, and amidst all the warfare he seemed to bear a charmed life. Who

knows but that it was because the shield of woman's prayers was ever over him — the orisons of one whose love had grown so dim, so shadowy, so hopeless, that its only utterance had become a prayer — nay, even less a prayer than a mournful dirge?

At the close of a night-skirmish with the Turks, the cry was raised that the captain, Melidori, was missing. The band reëntered Sphakia in lamentation. Rouso was at their head, and his countenance had an expression of evil triumph. The women, who soon gathered in the streets eyed him with dislike and indignation; for Antonio, with his manly beauty and generous spirit, was their idol.

"Melidori is slain — the noble Antonio is slain! It is an evil day for us," they lamented aloud.

"He is not slain; he has deserted to the enemy. I saw him steal off from the field with mine own eyes," said a voice; it was that of Rouso. "Twice during the skirmish I watched him creep from the Turkish outpost. Melidori has deserted."

"Melidori is here!" cried a deep, sonorous voice, which caused the soldiers to give universal shout; and Antonio appeared. He held aloft in his arms a little Turkish child.

"Soldiers! he who says I deserted deserves to be hanged on the nearest tree. I lingered behind to save this poor innocent, whose mother I saw murdered in her tent."

"It is true, then, Sphakiotes, how well your captain loves the Turks, since you see he risks a battle to save their children," sneered some one in the crowd. The voice seemed feigned, and in the darkness of the early morning its owner was unrecognized.

Melidori drew up his lofty stature proudly. "Sphakiotes, it is a lie! which could come only from the wretch who murdered this babe's mother — the cowardly woman-slayer. I scorn to answer it."

The easily moved crowd broke out into acclamation, the women especially. When they ceased Antonio said, "A soldier is scarcely a fit guardian for infancy. Is there none among the wives, mothers, or kind-hearted maidens of Sphakia who will take this poor babe?"

"Spear the puling brat of an infidel!" cried the same malicious voice from the midst. "How dare the captain ask any Sphakiote woman to nurse a viper until its fangs are grown?"

Melidori's countenance glowed with rage; the more so as, governed by the insidious voice, all the crowd seemed to shrink away, eyeing the young soldier and his burden with distrust.

"Many a Greek babe has fallen under the scimitar of a Turk!" "The child of murderers should not live!" were mutterings that reached the ear of Antonio. The obstinacy and pride of his temper were roused, and, even with more than his natural generosity, they urged him to withstand the popular cry.

"Sphakiotes, I defy you all! This young Turk shall not perish. I will rear it as my own. If I fall, it shall be brought up as a Greek, and taught to avenge me, as none of these coward brethren of mine would do. Now, women of Sphakia, is there none among you who will take charge of the adopted child of Antonio Melidori?"

"I will!" answered a low voice, and a woman stepped forth from the crowd.

The young commander gave the child into her extended arms. As he looked in her face he started.

"Philota — thou here!" he whispered hurriedly. "I thought thou wert still in the mountains?"

"There was no longer safety there."

\*The whole of this story is found in a book of short stories by Miss Mulock entitled "The Half-Caste," published by M. J. Ivers & Co New York.

"Why didst thou not tell me? How livest thou? This peasant's dress —"

"Is most fitted for me. I live by the labor of my hands. Was it meet that a poor peasant girl should claim as her betrothed the commander of Sphakia?"

"Philota — generous Philota! But these people must not hear thee. Take the babe. I will meet thee: let it be at dusk, under the city wall."

O thou faithful woman! was it come to this?

Philota hushed the wailing babe on her bosom, and said aloud in a calm, distinct voice, "Noble Captain Melidori, I am a Sphakiote maiden; I have no husband, nor ever shall have; therefore I will devote myself to this babe, and bring it up as the adopted of the greatest of our Greek heroes. People of Sphakia, you all are witnesses of this vow."

The crowd of women closed round her as Philota departed with her charge. When she was gone a deep sigh of relief burst from Melidori. Rousso came up to him and said gaily, "Thou art lucky, Antonio, in finding so ready a nurse for thy young adopted." Melidori's cheek reddened. "Some old damsel who wants a plaything, I suppose?"

"He has not seen her, thank Heaven — he has not seen her!" muttered Antonio. "Very likely," he answered aloud. "Well, we soldiers have our whims. I will make this young Turk fight against his own people yet. Come, Rousso, the general awaits us."

At dusk Melidori wrapped himself in the cloak of one of his men and went to the place of meeting. Philota was already there.

"This is kind — like thyself, my dearest," he said, pressing her in his arms; but the embrace and the words seemed more from duty than feeling. Philota suffered both in silence, and then she drew herself away, and stood beside him.

"What hast thou to say to me, Antonio?" she uttered, not harshly, but in a tone of calmness that went to the heart of him whose warm love had not yet quite departed.

"Why art thou so cold? Am I not thy betrothed, Philota?"

"Dost thou wish me to call thee so now? I thought that dream was over, and by thy desire."

"I never said so."

"No; but it was in thy heart. All is changed with us; we can never be again as in those happy days on Mount Psiloriti. Thou art a great man; thou canst not wed a poor maiden like me. I do not ask it. My love only burdens thee; therefore we will speak of it no more. Antonio, I would give my life for thee: shall I not, then, gladly relinquish this hope for thy glory's sake? I know thou didst love me once. I shall see thy fame, and I shall be content."

Melidori listened to her first in astonishment, then in shame. "Philota," he said hoarsely, "I am not worthy to kiss thy feet, and yet I dare not say nay to thy words. I am more wretched than thou: forgive me."

It might have been that a lingering hope had fluttered in the girl's heart, but as Antonio spoke it was stilled forever. She leaned against the wall, pale, breathless, speechless.

The young soldier went on: "Thou dost not know what a life I lead — how full of danger and anxious thought; it would be death to thee to share it."

The vain excuse unsealed Philota's lips: "Not so; be not deceived, Antonio. It is not for myself that I speak.

God and my own heart know what I would have been to thee; how I would have shared thy fortune; have followed thee, if it must be, through seas of blood and warfare; have strengthened thee; have suffered no woman's tear to unnerve thy arm; have striven to make myself worthy to mount step by step with thee, that in thy coming glory no man might say Antonio Melidori blushed for his wife. This is what might have been: it is too late. Let us part while thou yet lovest me a little."

"And thou — and thou" —

"I will live at peace in my humility, knowing that love for no other maiden stole thine from me. Be content; I feel thou hast never been thus faithless."

"No, no, no!" groaned the young soldier, burying his face in his hands. "Thou judgest me kindly. I never loved woman save thee. I never shall."

"Then do not grieve," said the girl as she bent over him in holy pity and took his burning hands in hers. "I forgive thee; thou hast done me no wrong. I will rear this child; it will love me; and I can call it by thy name, and teach it how noble was that act of thine which saved it from death. Believe me, I shall be very happy, my Antonio." Loving was the falsehood that came from those trembling lips — a falsehood more holy than truth.

"Be it so, Philota," said Melidori. "I am too unworthy even to bless thee; but thou wilt be blest."

"And thou too, I pray the virgin! And now that we are friends — only friends — but tried and true ones, I must tell thee what tidings I have heard. Rousso is thine enemy; how made such is partly known to thee, much more so to me. Rememberest thou how, when he and his band pillaged an old man's house, thou didst compel him to restore the spoil? From that time he has vowed thy death. It was his feigned voice that goaded the people against thee this morning. And afterwards, when I was threading my way through the town, I heard two men whispering thy name, and one said 'His tomb is open.' Now, Antonio, beware. I am too lowly to be heeded. I will watch: it may be that the dove can warn the eagle from the snare."

"And thy own safety, thy life?"

"Is thine, and spent for thee. It is best so. And now hearken — thy name is shouted below. We must part here." She gave him her hand.

"We used not to part thus, Philota. Let me feel that I have been thy betrothed; let me kiss thy lips once more — It is the last time."

Philota fell upon his neck, and their lips met. It was less the kiss of love than of death; the last token between those who sever for eternity. Then she drew herself from those beloved arms and fled.

The career of Melidori seemed a succession of triumphs. Every scheme contrived by the designing malice of Rousso failed. It was as though a good angel ever watched over Antonio. Affendouli, the Cretan governor, whose dearest friend and counsellor the young Sphakiote was, told him so. Melidori answered in a tone half bitter, half solemn, "I know it; I believe it!" He spoke the truth.

No one but Affendouli knew how deep was the cause of suspicion which made Antonio shrink from his former companion, Rousso, until a coldness very like positive enmity grew up between them. The governor himself saw through various manoeuvres which Rousso had practised to turn his own favor from Melidori and dispossess the latter of the command; but at last there seemed to

come a change, and Rousso, after a long absence, sent to Sphakia a message of peace, declaring the resolution of both himself and his brother-in-law, Anagnosti, to end all petty feuds and serve under Melidori. Affendouli gladly accepted this overture, for he saw the evil that private animosities did to the one great cause. Rousso had invited Melidori to a solemn feast of unity, in which they might end all differences, and Affendouli urged him to go.

"We must have peace among ourselves. All private feelings should be sacrificed to public good. Thou wilt go, Melidori?" entreated the old man; and Antonio consented.

Richly mounted, and attended by a few of his own band, the Sphakiote commander set out to the place where Rousso and his handful of followers had bivouacked. Ere the cavalcade was out of sight of Sphakia, a peasant woman came to the young captain's abode and asked to see him.

"There is the dust-cloud his horses leave behind," was the answer. "Go after him; it is only three leagues. You mountaineers are swift footed. You will reach him by the time he has feasted with captain Rousso."

The woman clasped her hands above her head with a terrible cry and fell to the ground.

All the lavishness and revelry of a soldier's banquet signalized the feast of Rousso and Anagnosti; wine flowed in streams, and riotous music and laughter went up from the tents toward the still stars overhead. Melidori gave himself up to the enjoyment of the moment in perfect faith.

"A gay life is a soldier's!" Anagnosti cried. "Melidori, this is better than the olden olive-feasts on Mount Psiloriti."

A shadow came over the young captain's face. Rousso noticed it.

"Perhaps Antonio regrets having left that quiet, easy life on the mountains for such a one as this?" he said, with a smile that bordered on a sneer. On Rousso's face it was almost impossible to distinguish between the two.

Melidori was not easily provoked. "No, no," answered he gaily; "I would be the last to regret these old times — all very well in their way; but glory — patriotism."



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